

Cymbeline

SCENE I. Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.

Enter PISANIO

Pisanio

These days, You do not meet a man but frowns:
And all our Britain's vexed, as is the king.
His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son--a widow
That late he married--hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman, my master:
And thus she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
He that hath lost her too; so is the queen,
That most desired the match; but not a courtier,
Although we wear our faces to the bent
Of the king's look's, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing we scowl at.
For he that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her--
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd--I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.
I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Did serve with glory and admired success:

Died with sword in hand; his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in's spring became a harvest to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
I'll tell you too, if this be worth your hearing,
The king's two sons, some twenty years ago;
Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
That a king's children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them! Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Yet is it true. But stay, here comes the queen.

Exit PISANIO

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and IMOGEN

QUEEN

No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-eyed unto you: For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN

You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.

Exit

IMOGEN

O, dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; you must be
gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome with Caius Lucius,

Who to my father was a friend; there write,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN

QUEEN

Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.

Aside

Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.

Exit

IMOGEN

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have!

Putting on the ring

Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Putting a bracelet upon her arm

IMOGEN

O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Alack, the king!

CYMBELINE

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court! I am
gone.

Exit

IMOGEN

There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharp than this is.

CYMBELINE

O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me. Past grace? obedience?

IMOGEN

Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYMBELINE

That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

IMOGEN

O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

CYMBELINE

Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.

IMOGEN

No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

CYMBELINE

O thou vile one!

IMOGEN

Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

CYMBELINE

Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter QUEEN

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

QUEEN

Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort
Out of your best advice.

CYMBELINE

Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords

QUEEN

Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

PISANIO

My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN

Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

PISANIO

There might have been,

But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN

I am very glad on't.

QUEEN

Pray, walk awhile.

IMOGEN

About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: *Exeunt*

SCENE II. The same. A public place.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords

First Lord

Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice:

CLOTEN

If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt
him?

Second Lord

[Aside] No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord

Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be
not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not
hurt.

CLOTEN

The villain would not stand me.

Second Lord

[Aside] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord

Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

CLOTEN

I would they had not come between us.

Second Lord

[Aside] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

CLOTEN

And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

First Lord

Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Second Lord

[Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

CLOTEN

Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Second Lord

[Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

First Lord

We attend your lordship.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

IMOGEN

I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

PISANIO

It was his queen, his queen!

IMOGEN

Then waved his handkerchief?

PISANIO

And kiss'd it, madam.

IMOGEN

Senseless Linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

PISANIO

No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

IMOGEN

I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them,
but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then

Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

PISANIO

Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Rome. Caius Lucius' house.

Enter CAIUS LUCIUS and IACHIMO

IACHIMO

Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: but I
could then have looked on him without the help of
admiration.

CAIUS LUCIUS

You speak of him when he was less furnished than
now he is, with that which makes him both without
and within.

IACHIMO

This matter of marrying his king's daughter--

CAIUS LUCIUS

And then his banishment.

IACHIMO

Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this
lamentable divorce under her colours are
wonderfully to extend him. But how comes
it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps
acquaintance?

CAIUS LUCIUS

His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I
have been often bound for no less than my life.

Here comes the Briton.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I beseech you Iachimo, be better known to this
gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble
friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to
appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own
hearing.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Good Caius Lucius, I have been debtor to you for
courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay
still.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I
did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity
you should have been put together with so mortal a
purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so
slight and trivial a nature. To be put to the
arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would
by all likelihood have fallen both.

IACHIMO

Can we, with manners, ask what was the
difference?

CAIUS LUCIUS

Safely, I think: 'twas a contention where each man
fell in praise of his country mistresses; this
gentleman at that time vouching--and upon warrant
of bloody affirmation--his to be more fair, virtuous,
wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less

attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies here in Italy.

IACHIMO

That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

IACHIMO

You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Being so far provoked, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

IACHIMO

As fair and as good--a kind of hand-in-hand comparison--had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld. I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACHIMO

What do you esteem it at?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

More than the world enjoys.

IACHIMO

Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACHIMO

Which the gods have given you?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACHIMO

You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACHIMO

With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

No, no.

IACHIMO

I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

IACHIMO

What's that?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

IACHIMO

I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Will you? Let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match..

CAIUS LUCIUS

I will have it no lay.

IACHIMO

By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my ten thousand ducats are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if she remain unsexed, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

IACHIMO

Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Agreed.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter QUEEN and CORNELIUS

QUEEN

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

CORNELIUS

Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

Presenting a small box

But I beseech your grace, without offence,--
My conscience bids me ask--wherefore you have
Commanded of me those most poisonous
compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But though slow, deadly?

QUEEN

I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,--
Unless thou think'st me devilish--is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

CORNELIUS

Your highness
Shall from this practise but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN

O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO

Aside

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.[To PISANIO] Hark thee, a word.

CORNELIUS

[Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on
cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

QUEEN

No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

CORNELIUS

I humbly take my leave.

Exit

QUEEN

Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master, greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp: but take this for thy labour.
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
Fare thee well, Pisanio.

PISANIO

[Aside] And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

Exit PISANIO

QUEEN

A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaken; the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

To taste of too.

Exit QUEEN

SCENE VI. The same. Another room in the palace.

Enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;--O, that husband!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO

PISANIO

Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACHIMO

Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly.

PISANIO presents a letter

IMOGEN

Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.

IACHIMO

[Aside] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!

IMOGEN

[Reads] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust-- LEONATUS.'

Good thanks, good Pisanio

Exit PISANIO

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

IACHIMO

Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

IMOGEN

What makes your admiration?

IACHIMO

It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment,
For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite.

IMOGEN

Say what, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

IACHIMO

Thanks, madam; well.

IMOGEN

Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

IACHIMO

Well, madam.

IMOGEN

Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

IACHIMO

Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

IMOGEN

When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

IACHIMO

I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton--
Your lord, I mean--laughs from's free lungs, cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

IMOGEN

Will my lord say so?

IACHIMO

Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter:
 It is a recreation to be by
 And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
 know,
 Some men are much to blame.

IMOGEN

Not he, I hope.

IACHIMO

Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
 Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
 In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too.

IMOGEN

What do you pity, sir?

IACHIMO

Two creatures heartily.

IMOGEN

Am I one, sir?
 You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
 Deserves your pity?

IACHIMO

That others do--
 I was about to say--enjoy your--But
 It is an office of the gods to venge it,
 Not mine to speak on 't.

IMOGEN

You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me: --discover
 to me

What both you spur and stop.

IACHIMO

Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood; it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

IMOGEN

My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

IACHIMO

And himself; but 'tis your graces,
 Charms this report out.

IMOGEN

Let me hear no more.

IACHIMO

O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double,-- Be
 revenged;
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

IMOGEN

Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true,--
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse--if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

IACHIMO

Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

IMOGEN

What, ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO

Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMOGEN

Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,--as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: What, ho, Pisanio!

IACHIMO

O happy Leonatus! I may say
The credit that thy lady hath of thee

Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

IMOGEN

You make amends?

IACHIMO

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMOGEN

All's well, sir.

IACHIMO

My humble thanks. I must aboard to-morrow.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time.

IMOGEN

Well, I will write.
You're very welcome.

IACHIMO

Madam, I take my leave.

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords

CLOTEN

Was there ever man had such luck with betting! I lost a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing! When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

First Lord

No my lord.

CLOTEN

Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction?
Would he had been one of my rank!

Second Lord

[Aside] To have smelt like a fool.

CLOTEN

I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of

fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Second Lord

[Aside] You are a cock.

CLOTEN

What sayest thou?

Second Lord

It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

CLOTEN

No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Second Lord

[Aside] Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

First Lord

Did you hear of an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLOTEN

Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at dice, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Second Lord

We attend your lordship.

Exeunt CLOTEN and First Lord

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, pray keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

Exit

SCENE II. Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace:

IMOGEN in bed, reading;

IMOGEN

I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye.

Sleeps. Enter IACHIMO

IACHIMO

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Fair Imogen,
How thou becomest thy bed, that I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
Come off, come off:

Taking off her bracelet

'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more, enough:
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I shall not fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

Exit. The scene closes

SCENE III. An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments:

Enter CLOTEN and Lords

First Lord

Your lordship is the most patient man in loss.

CLOTEN

Winning will put any man into courage. If I could
get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough.

It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord

Day, my lord.

CLOTEN

I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate. Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too.

SONG

CLOTEN

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better.

Second Lord

Here comes the king.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN

CLOTEN

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

CYMBELINE

Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

CLOTEN

I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

CYMBELINE

The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,

And then she's yours.

QUEEN

You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter.

Enter PISANIO

PISANIO

So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
With letters from Caius Lucius.

CYMBELINE

A worthy fellow,
Albeit he writes with angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: Well, our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
queen.

Exeunt all but CLOTEN

CLOTEN

If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.

Knocks

By your leave, ho!

Enter IMOGEN

CLOTEN

Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

IMOGEN

Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

CLOTEN

Still, I swear I love you.

IMOGEN

I regard it not.

CLOTEN

This is no answer.

IMOGEN

I am much sorry, sir,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity--
To accuse myself--I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

CLOTEN

You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:

IMOGEN

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

To be his groom.

CLOTEN

The south-fog rot him!

IMOGEN

He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO

CLOTEN

'His garment!' Now the devil--

IMOGEN

I am sprited with a fool.

CLOTEN

'His garment!'

IMOGEN

Frighted, and anger'd worse: but go you hence;
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm.

PISANIO

'Twill not be lost.

IMOGEN

I hope so: go and search.

Exit PISANIO

CLOTEN

You have abused me:
'His meanest garment!'

IMOGEN

Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

CLOTEN

I will inform your father.

IMOGEN

Your mother too:
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.

Exit

CLOTEN

I'll be revenged:
'His meanest garment!' Well.

Exit

SCENE IV. Rome. Caius Lucius' house.

Enter POSTHUMUS and CAIUS LUCIUS

CAIUS LUCIUS

Good Posthumus, by now your king, I think
Hath read the letters I did send to him
From great Augustus: now must I to Britain,

To do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall see
Your legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid.

Enter IACHIMO

CAIUS LUCIUS

See! Iachimo!

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Welcome, sir.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I hope the briefness of her answer made
The speediness of your return.

IACHIMO

Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts

And be false with them.

IACHIMO

Here are letters for you.
I'd make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

IACHIMO

Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

If you can make'tt apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine.

IACHIMO

First, her bedchamber,--
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching--it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver thread;
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value--

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACHIMO

More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

So they must,
Here is no trifling tale; this is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this--and praise
Be given to your remembrance--the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACHIMO

Then, if you can,

Showing the bracelet

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

IACHIMO

Sir--I thank her--that:
She stripp'd it from her arm and gave it me,
And said she prized it once.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

She pluck'd it off
To send it me.

IACHIMO

She writes so to you, doth she?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;

Gives the ring

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

IACHIMO

By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

CAIUS LUCIUS

This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of--

IACHIMO

If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast--
Worthy the pressing--lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACHIMO

Will you hear more?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

IACHIMO

I'll be sworn--

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

IACHIMO

I'll deny nothing.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something--

Exit

CAIUS LUCIUS

Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:
My orders are to Britain to receive
The answer Cymbeline returns our Caesar.
But after him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself; for I do fear his humour

Will lead to swift and bloody resolution.
So take him to your charge and follow me.

IACHIMO

With all my heart.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Another room in Caius Lucius' house.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,--wast not?--
Or less,--at first?--perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition!
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all! O, vengeance, vengeance!

Exit

INTERMISSION #1

ACT III

SCENE I. Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

*Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and
Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS
and Attendants*

CYMBELINE

Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?

CAIUS LUCIUS

When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,--
For his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN

And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

CLOTEN

There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN

Note, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Caesar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame: ' For shame--

CLOTEN

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,
as I said, there is no more such
Caesars

CYMBELINE

Son, let your mother end.

CLOTEN

Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If
Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYMBELINE

You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free:
Caesar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

CAIUS LUCIUS

I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar--
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers--thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

CYMBELINE

Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Let proof speak.

CYMBELINE

I know your master's pleasure and he mine:
All the remain is 'Welcome!'

Exeunt

SCENE II. Another room in the palace.

Enter PISANIO, with a letter

PISANIO

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No!
That I should murder her? Oh dreadful duty!

Reading

'Do't: the letter
that I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

How now, Pisanio!

PISANIO

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMOGEN

Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,

Reads

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew
me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in
Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will
out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,--
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; --how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but first of all,
How we may steal from hence; I prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

PISANIO

One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you:

Aside

and too much too.

IMOGEN

Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife. So away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say,
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following

BELARIUS

A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows
you
To a morning's holy office: Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

GUIDERIUS

Hail, heaven!

ARVIRAGUS

Hail, heaven!

BELARIUS

Now for our mountain hunt: up to yond hill;
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a cheque,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

GUIDERIUS

Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know
not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

ARVIRAGUS

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;

We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

BELARIUS

How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling--O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

GUIDERIUS

Uncertain favour!

BELARIUS

My fault being nothing--as I have told you oft--
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid

More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast!
I'll meet you in the valleys.

Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd
up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prize it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,--Jove!
Such princely blood. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, shows as like a figure.
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: but come,
The game is up; now on to meaner matters.

Exit

SCENE IV. Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

IMOGEN

Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
place
Was near at hand: but where is Posthumus?
Pisanio, man! Say, what is in thy mind;
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? **PISANIO**
Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMOGEN

[Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises,
but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain
as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio,
must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with
the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away
her life: I shall give thee opportunity at
Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose
where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain
it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and
equally to me disloyal.'

PISANIO

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. What cheer, good
madam?

IMOGEN

False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep
charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

PISANIO

Alas, good lady!

IMOGEN

I must be ripp'd:--to pieces with me!--O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! **PISANIO**
Good madam, hear me.

IMOGEN

Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

PISANIO

Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

IMOGEN

Why, I must die;
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

PISANIO

O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

IMOGEN

Do't, and to bed then.

PISANIO

I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

IMOGEN

Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? What?
Now to delay? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

PISANIO

But to win time
To lose so bad employment; It cannot be
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art.
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

IMOGEN

Some Roman courtezan.

PISANIO

No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

IMOGEN

Why good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?

PISANIO

If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide. The ambassador,

Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven

PISANIO

So, then, here's the point:

You must forget to be a woman; change
Your fear and niceness, into a waggish courage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel--

IMOGEN

Nay, be brief
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

PISANIO

'fore the noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service--doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable
And doubling that, most holy.

IMOGEN

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Now this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

PISANIO

Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

IMOGEN

Amen: I thank thee.

Exeunt, severally

SCENE V. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

CYMBELINE

Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

QUEEN

'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

CYMBELINE

Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

Exit CLOTEN

QUEEN

Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired

Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do.

Re-enter CLOTEN

CYMBELINE

Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

CLOTEN

Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise I make.

CYMBELINE

Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false!

Exit

QUEEN

Son, I say, follow the king.

CLOTEN

That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
have not seen these two days.

QUEEN

Go, look after.

Exit CLOTEN

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,

Haply, despair hath seized her, gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son!

CLOTEN

'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN

[Aside] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day!

Exit

CLOTEN

Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders her, therefore,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools Shall--

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

PISANIO

O, good my lord!

CLOTEN

Where is thy lady? Is she with Posthumus?

PISANIO

How can she be with him? **CLOTEN**

All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is at once;

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is

Thy condemnation and thy death.

PISANIO

Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge

Touching her flight.

Presenting a letter

CLOTEN

Let's see't. I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne.

PISANIO

[Aside] Or this, or perish.

[Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

CLOTEN

Sirrah, is this letter true?

PISANIO

Sir, as I think.

CLOTEN

It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,

Hast any of thy

late master's garments in thy possession?

PISANIO

I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he
wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLOTEN

The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither: let it be thy lint service; go.

PISANIO

I shall, my lord.

Exit

CLOTEN

Meet thee at Milford-Haven!--I forgot to ask him one
thing; I'll remember't anon:--even there, thou
villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these
garments were come. She said upon a time--the
bitterness of it I now belch from my heart--that she
held the very garment of Posthumus in more
respect than my noble and natural person together
with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit
upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in
her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will
then be a torment to her contempt. She hath
despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my
revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes

Be those the garments?

PISANIO

Ay, my noble lord.

CLOTEN

My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.

Exit

PISANIO

To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

Exit

SCENE VI. Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes

IMOGEN

I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not to call; I dare not call:
yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant,
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.

Exit, to the cave

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS

You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury!

GUIDERIUS

I am thoroughly weary.

ARVIRAGUS

I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUIDERIUS

There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

BELARIUS

[Looking into the cave]

Stay; come not in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

GUIDERIUS

What's the matter, sir?

BELARIUS

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN

IMOGEN

Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took:
good troth,

I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:

ARVIRAGUS

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMOGEN

I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

BELARIUS

Whither bound?

IMOGEN

To Milford-Haven.

GUIDERIUS

What's your name?

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

BELARIUS

Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

ARVIRAGUS

I'll love him as my brother:

And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!

GUIDERIUS

Be rightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMOGEN

'Mongst friends,
If brothers.

BELARIUS

He wrings at some distress.

GUIDERIUS

Would I could free't!

ARVIRAGUS

Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. God's!

BELARIUS

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUIDERIUS

Pray, draw near.

ARVIRAGUS

The night to the owl and morn to the lark
less welcome.

IMOGEN

Thanks, sir.

ARVIRAGUS

I pray, draw near.

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter CLOTEN

CLOTEN

I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, not be fit too? I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, above him in birth, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. This is the very description of their meeting-place.

Exit

SCENE II. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN

BELARIUS

[To IMOGEN] You are not well: remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

ARVIRAGUS

[To IMOGEN] Brother, stay here
Are we not brothers?

IMOGEN

So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

GUIDERIUS

Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

IMOGEN

I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

GUIDERIUS

I love thee; I have spoke it
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

BELARIUS

What! how! how!

ARVIRAGUS

If it be sin to say so, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; **BELARIUS**

[Aside] O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

ARVIRAGUS

Brother, farewell.

IMOGEN

I wish ye sport.

ARVIRAGUS

You health. So please you, sir.

IMOGEN

[Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Swallows some

GUIDERIUS

I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARVIRAGUS

Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

BELARIUS

To the field, to the field!
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

ARVIRAGUS

We'll not be long away.

Exit IMOGEN, to the cave

BELARIUS

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

ARVIRAGUS

How angel-like he sings!

GUIDERIUS

But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

BELARIUS

It is great morning. Come, away!--
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN

CLOTEN

I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

BELARIUS

'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

GUIDERIUS

He is but one: Let me alone with him.

CLOTEN

Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

GUIDERIUS

A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

CLOTEN

Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

GUIDERIUS

To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

CLOTEN

Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

ARVIRAGUS

No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

CLOTEN

Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

GUIDERIUS

Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

CLOTEN

Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

ARVIRAGUS

What's thy name?

CLOTEN

Cloten, thou villain.

GUIDERIUS

Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or
Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

CLOTEN

To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

GUIDERIUS

I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

CLOTEN

Art not afeard?

GUIDERIUS

Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLOTEN

Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of London set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer.

*GUIDERIUS and CLOTEN fight. CLOTEN is
beheaded.*

GUIDERIUS

This Cloten was a fool: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

BELARIUS

What hast thou done?

GUIDERIUS

I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd us traitors, mountaineers, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in.

BELARIUS

We are all undone.

ARVIRAGUS

Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself?

BELARIUS

He must have some attendants. Not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone; so fear we well
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

ARVIRAGUS

Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

BELARIUS

I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

GUIDERIUS

With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en

His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon.

Exit

BELARIUS

I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARVIRAGUS

Would I had done't
So the revenge alone pursued me!

BELARIUS

Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit.

Exit ARVIRAGUS to the cave

O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

GUIDERIUS

Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return.

ARVIRAGUS cries

BELARIUS

Hark, Polydore, what noise? On what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give the cry? Hark!

GUIDERIUS

Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms.

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead,
bearing her in his arms*

ARVIRAGUS

The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

GUIDERIUS

O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

BELARIUS

O melancholy!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but
I,
Thou didst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.

How found you him?

ARVIRAGUS

Stark, as you see:
Reposing on a cushion.

GUIDERIUS

Where?

ARVIRAGUS

O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUIDERIUS

Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;

ARVIRAGUS

With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave:

GUIDERIUS

Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

BELARIUS

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. Our foe was princely boys,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

GUIDERIUS

Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',

When neither are alive.

They lay the bodies side by side.

ARVIRAGUS

So. Begin.

SONG

GUIDERIUS

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:

BELARIUS

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

ARVIRAGUS

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

BELARIUS

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS

No exorciser harm thee!

ARVIRAGUS

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

GUIDERIUS

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

ARVIRAGUS

Nothing ill come near thee!

GUIDERIUS

Quiet consummation have;

ARVIRAGUS

And renowned be thy grave!

BELARIUS

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

IMOGEN

[Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is
the way?--O gods and goddesses!

Seeing the body of CLOTEN

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face
Murder in heaven?--How!--'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,--damn'd Pisanio--
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! Alas!

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
O, my lord, my lord!

Falls on the body

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO and other Officers

IACHIMO

To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.

CAIUS LUCIUS

This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present
numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.
Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Let's see the boy's face.

IACHIMO

He's alive, my lord.

CAIUS LUCIUS

He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems

They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

IMOGEN

I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!

CAIUS LUCIUS

Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say thy name, good friend.

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. So wilt thou go with me?

IMOGEN

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig his grave.
So please you entertain me.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Exeunt

INTERMISSION #2

SCENE III. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants

CYMBELINE

Alas, my Queen!
A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.

PISANIO

But please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman officers, by the senate sent.

CYMBELINE

Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. So follow me!

Exit CYMBELINE

PISANIO

I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise
To yield me often tidings: the heavens must work.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

Exit

SCENE IV. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

GUIDERIUS

The battle is round about us.

BELARIUS

Let us from it.

ARVIRAGUS

What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

GUIDERIUS

Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

BELARIUS

Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.

GUIDERIUS

This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

BELARIUS

O, I am known
Of many in the army: And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;

GUIDERIUS

Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

ARVIRAGUS

By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Saw my true mettle tested! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

GUIDERIUS

By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

ARVIRAGUS

So say I amen.

BELARIUS

No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, an there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.

Aside

The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thusly. O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. I am
brought
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!

I'll give no wound to thee. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; Gods, give me strength!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within.

Exit

SCENE II. Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: from the other side, the British Army; POSTHUMUS LEONATUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS LEONATUS he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him

IACHIMO

The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

Exit

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BELARIUS

Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

GUIDERIUS ARVIRAGUS

Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN

CAIUS LUCIUS

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

IACHIMO

'Tis their fresh supplies.

CAIUS LUCIUS

It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

To-day how many would have given their honours
 To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck: Well, I will find him
 For being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton, I have resumed again
 The part I came in: fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS

GUIDERIUS

Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.
 The Romans are all fled. But stand! who's there?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

One such Roman,
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

ARVIRAGUS

Lay hands on him and follow! He brags his service
 As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, PISANIO, Soldiers,
 Attendants, and Roman Captives. POSTHUMUS
 LEONATUS is presented to CYMBELINE, who
 delivers him over to a Gaoler: then exeunt omnes*

SCENE IV. A British prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS LEONATUS and two Gaolers

First Gaoler

You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon
 you;
 So graze as you find pasture.

Second Gaoler

Ay, or a stomach.

Exeunt Gaolers

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Most welcome, bondage! My conscience, thou art
 fetter'd
 More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods,
 give me
 The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
 Then, free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?
 For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!

Sleeps

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus Leonatus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus Leonatus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus Leonatus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus Leonatus round, as he lies sleeping

Spirits

No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal souls:
Hath this poor boy done aught but well?
Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world.
With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his penance due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?
Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.
Since, Jupiter, our son is humbled,

Take off his miseries.
Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Help, Jupiter; help.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Apparitions fall on their knees

Jupiter

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
His judgement be by lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

Ascends. The Apparitions vanish

Posthumus Leonatus

[Waking]
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing.

Re-enter First Gaoler

First Gaoler

Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Second Gaoler

Hanging is the word, sir: if
you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Cymbeline's tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and
Attendants*

CYMBELINE

Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, cannot be found:
To my grief, I am the heir of his reward;

To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

BELARIUS

Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

CYMBELINE

Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS

CORNELIUS

Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

CYMBELINE

Alas! How ended she?

CORNELIUS

With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: with amazement.

CYMBELINE

Prithee, say.

CORNELIUS

First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

CYMBELINE

She alone knew this;

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

CORNELIUS

Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

CYMBELINE

O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

CORNELIUS

More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: and in time by means,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.

CYMBELINE

Forgive me, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman
Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
behind, and IMOGEN*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit
That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool,
have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true;
And blameless; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

CYMBELINE

I have surely seen him:
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
 To say 'live, boy:' ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

IMOGEN

I humbly thank your highness.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Why stands he so perplex'd?

CYMBELINE

What wouldst thou, boy? Know'st him thou look'st
 on? speak,
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

IMOGEN

He is a Roman; no more kin to me
 Than I to your highness; who, being born your
 vassal,
 Am something nearer.

CYMBELINE

Wherefore eyst him so?

IMOGEN

I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
 To give me hearing.

CYMBELINE

Ay, with all my heart,
 And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

IMOGEN

Fidele, sir.

CYMBELINE

Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
 I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart

BELARIUS

Is not this boy revived from death?

ARVIRAGUS

One sand another
 Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
 Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

GUIDERIUS

The same dead thing alive.

BELARIUS

Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
 Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
 He would have spoke to us.

GUIDERIUS

But we saw him dead.

BELARIUS

Be silent; let's see further.

PISANIO

[Aside] It is my mistress:
 Since she is living, let the time run on
 To good or bad.

CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward

CYMBELINE

Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.

To IACHIMO

Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely.

IMOGEN

My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

[Aside] What's that to him?

CYMBELINE

That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

IACHIMO

Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

CYMBELINE

How! me?

IACHIMO

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and--which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me--a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

CYMBELINE

All that belongs to this.

IACHIMO

That paragon, thy daughter,--
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits
Quail to remember--Give me leave; I faint.

CYMBELINE

My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

IACHIMO

Upon a time,--unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!--it was in Rome,--accursed
The mansion where!--the good Posthumus--
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest**CYMBELINE**
Nay, nay, to the purpose.

IACHIMO

Your daughter's chastity--there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain

'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averting notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,--
O cunning, how I got it!--nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon--
Methinks, I see him now--

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

[Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: holiest the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imogen faints

PISANIO

O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
Mine honour'd lady!

CYMBELINE

Does the world go round?

PISANIO

Wake, my mistress!

CYMBELINE

If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

PISANIO

How fares my mistress?

IMOGEN

O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

CYMBELINE

The tune of Imogen!

PISANIO

Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

CYMBELINE

New matter still?

IMOGEN

It poison'd me.

CORNELIUS

O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd.

CYMBELINE

What's this, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS

The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

IMOGEN

Most like I did, for I was dead.

BELARIUS

My boys,

There was our error..

IMOGEN

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

Embracing him

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Hang there like a fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

CYMBELINE

How now, my flesh, my child!

What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMOGEN

[Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.

CYMBELINE

My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

IMOGEN

I am sorry for't, my lord.

CYMBELINE

O, she was nought; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

PISANIO

My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him

I further know not.

GUIDERIUS

Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

CYMBELINE

Marry, the gods forbend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips

Pluck a bard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,

Deny't again.

GUIDERIUS

I have spoke it, and I did it.

CYMBELINE

He was a prince.

GUIDERIUS

A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me

With language that would make me spurn the sea,

If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;

And am right glad he is not standing here

To tell this tale of mine.

CYMBELINE

I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

IMOGEN

That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

CYMBELINE

Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

BELARIUS

Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew,

As well descended as thyself; and hath

More of thee merited than a band of Clotens

Had ever scar for.

CYMBELINE

Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

ARVIRAGUS

In that he spake too far.

CYMBELINE

And thou shalt die for't.

BELARIUS

We will die all three:

But I will prove that two on's are as good

As I have given out him. My sons, I must,

For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though, haply, well for you.

ARVIRAGUS

Your danger's ours.

GUIDERIUS

And our good his.

BELARIUS

Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who

Was call'd Belarius.

CYMBELINE

What of him? he is

A banish'd traitor.

BELARIUS

He it is that hath
 Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;
 I know not how a traitor.

CYMBELINE

Take him hence:
 The whole world shall not save him.

BELARIUS

Not too hot:
 First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

CYMBELINE

Nursing of my sons!

BELARIUS

I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
 Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
 These two young gentlemen, that call me father
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
 And blood of your begetting.

CYMBELINE

How! my issue!

BELARIUS

So sure as you your father's. I, old hermit,
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
 These gentle princes--for such and so they are
 These twenty years have I train'd up: my liege,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

CYMBELINE

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service that you three have done is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

BELARIUS

Be pleased awhile.
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son.

CYMBELINE

O, what, am I
 A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
 Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 may reign in them now! O Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

IMOGEN

No, my lord;
 I have got two worlds by 't.

CYMBELINE

Did you e'er meet?

ARVIRAGUS

Ay, my good lord.

GUIDERIUS

And at first meeting loved;
 Continued so, until we thought he died.

CORNELIUS

By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYMBELINE

O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived You?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? All this and still
I know not how much more, should be demanded.
But 'til then come apace; let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

To BELARIUS

Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

IMOGEN

You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

CYMBELINE

All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMOGEN

My good master,
I will yet do you service.

CAIUS LUCIUS

Happy be you!

CYMBELINE

The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,

He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

IACHIMO

[Kneeling] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

IMOGEN

Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is, to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

CYMBELINE

With peace we will begin. So, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through London march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

Exeunt